

PAUL FLANDERS,
BOX 547, CARMEL

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

VOL. TWO, NO. NINE

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA, AUGUST 31, 1926

TEN CENTS

TAX RATE CUT DOWN 15 CENTS

AT A MEETING Monday evening that opened with an attack by George P. Wood, on Miss Saidee Van Brower, the city clerk, until that official was driven to tears in her denial of charges that she had changed the minutes of the board, the city trustees fixed the 1927 tax rate at 95 cents, or 15 cents lower than the 1926 rate. It was discovered that the actual needs of the city for the next year would require only 95 cents in taxes on the increased assessment valuations and that there was enough surplus in the treasury to pay the bond interest and redemption for the sand dune bonds to meet next year's payment. Therefore the present special tax of this year of ten cents was eliminated.

Following the adoption of the tax rate ordinance Chairman John Jordan took occasion to call the attention of the newspapermen in the lobby to the fact that by reason of the reduction Herbert Heron, owner of the Seven Arts Building and one of the protestants against the recent assessment increase, would pay less taxes next year than he did last. Jordan didn't say anything about Pine Inn until he was reminded of it.

The report on which the reduction in the tax rate was based showed that estimated revenue next year from building permits, fines, business licenses etc. and taxes would be \$31,152.75 and that this would pay the estimated expenses of the city government and leave an emergency fund of \$3,162.75.

The attack by Trustee Wood on Miss Van Brower followed, according to the city clerk, on her explanation to Wood that she had been compelled to copy the last sheet of the minutes over because a bottle of ink had been spilled on it. This page was the one which bore the signature of Chairman Jordan and the re-writing had been discovered by Wood when he was going over Miss Van

(Turn to Page Thirteen)

BUSINESS CREEPS FURTHER DOWN DOLORES TOWARD SEVENTH

Business has taken another move ahead down Dolores street and in the building just completed by F. O. Robbins next to the Postoffice on the south will be established two new concerns.

L'Aiglon, a hairdressing and beauty parlor, will open shortly in the building under the direction of Beatty Hanna and Grace Divoto, formerly with Milius of New York.

Robbins, with Grant Wills and Dr. P. B. Wright has formed the Triangle Realty Company, which is occupying the other half of the building.

C. C. YOUNG
California's Next Governor



Apology and Gratification

IT WAS NOT because of the election, but one of those mechanical mishaps that sometimes occurs in the best of regulated newspaper plants that *The Cymbal* is a trifle late this week. We are sorry and hope that when the paper does reach you it will be considered good enough to compensate for the delay.

As for the political situation, always at best noisome, *The Cymbal*, as a weekly journal, does not feel itself required to duplicate for you information which you will find in a more complete form in the dailies. It does feel, however, that it can express its gratification at the defeat of Governor Richardson for the Republican gubernatorial nomination. If the editorial opinions of *The Cymbal* turned one vote against this poor excuse for a man who at the present time fills the governor's chair we feel that all the trials and tribulations of the paper up to the present have found compensation. The selection of C. C. Young of Berkeley as the Republican nominee in November virtually assures his election in the final election in November as the Democratic party has had little chance of electing a governor in this state since the near success of Franklin K. Lane against George C. Pardee.

In the county election it appears that the sheriff's job will be retained by Bill Oyer and that the other incumbent officers will remain at their respective positions at the public trough.

As we say, it's all a mess and a fraud at best. America's Liberty and Equality and Independence are the world's greatest standing-jokes. The only occasional satisfaction we have is in the defeat of a man; so often ruined by the selection of another just as bad.

CHILDREN OF THE MOON THIS WEEK

AN UNUSUAL PLAY with an exceptional cast is the promise of the Arts and Crafts theater this week end with the production on Friday and Saturday nights of Martin Flavin's "Children of the Moon".

Jadwiga Noskowiak, who so successfully played Ophelia in Bert Heron's production of Hamlet at the Forest theater last month, will take the lead and the balance of the cast has been carefully selected by George Ball, the producing director, who has had such a marked success in the production of plays at the Arts and Crafts theater during the summer season.

There is also unusual interest centering about the production of "Children of the Moon". Not only is this marked by the fact that the play was written by Flavin at "Spindrift", his home at Carmel Highlands, but it will be produced here in Carmel for the premiere production on the Pacific Coast following an exceptionally successful run on Broadway.

"Children of the Moon" is a vital, gripping drama and in the hands of George Ball's cast it will be given without question a sincere and complete interpretation on the stage.

HOLMAN DAY AND FRANK SHERIDAN TALK TO MASONS

Holman Day, well known author and resident of Carmel Highlands, and Frank Sheridan, equally famous as an actor, who makes his home in Carmel Woods, met in Maine many years ago. They were both special guests of the Carmel Masonic Club Monday evening of this week and told the members of the club about it.

Day interested the Masons with the relation of incidents contingent on his publication of a weekly paper "down in Maine" and told how he was printer's devil, typesetter, the pressman, the reporter, the editor and the owner.

Sheridan was "barn storming" when he reached Day's country and the two struck up a strong friendship.

CHINESE TO TELL OF CHINA'S NEEDS AND SHORTCOMINGS

"What is the Matter With China" will be the subject of an address at the Arts and Crafts theater on Sunday afternoon, September 12, by T. Y. Wang of the American Committee for Fair Play in China. Wang is a graduate of the Pekin University and was assistant to John Dewey in China. He has been connected with the teachers' college at Columbia University for the past two years. There will be an admittance charge of 50 cents to hear Wang's talk here.

Adventures in Eating Out

Number Thirteen

IT HAS NOTHING TO DO with the food, of course, but we felt it added quite a bit to the "adventure" of eating out—just to see one big fluffy Persian cat, all white, and one big fluffy ditto, all yellow, sitting in front of an open fireplace of royal dimensions nicely appropriate to the dignity and noble lineage of the feline beauties! In fact, there are so many thrills about having lunch at Highlands Inn that we aren't going to talk about the food at all. You'll find any meal there more than satisfactory in all the ways a meal should be, we assure you. And that's that.

But you start to enjoy eating out before you get near the dining room, particularly if you are fortunate in striking a sunny day. Then, as you climb up the steep hillside on the winding road to the Inn, you look down through the pines into the famous Mediterranean blue of the water far below, so blue and so green and so dazzling white where it breaks over the rocks that when you reach the lobby you go over to the huge windows as straight as if you were drawn by a magnet—and gaze and gaze. Off to the right lies Point Lobos, looking friendly and mild in this bright blue and gold day; off to the left down the coast long blue mountains sliding into the sea; straight ahead the Pacific, blue . . . blue . . . blue . . . to the far lonely horizon. Reluctantly, still under the spell of that vast picture, you pass through the wide, flower-decked lobby to a dining room where you find to your delight you may enjoy the same gorgeous panorama of ocean and sky while you eat.



WHOT'S ARTY AND WATTIS ARTISTIK?

By GENE HAILEY

The ARTY buy their dressgoods in the curtain department.

The ARTISTIC buy their curtains in the dressgoods.

When in doubt the ARTY use orange couch covers.

When in doubt the ARTISTIC use neutral couch covers.

The ARTY arrange wax fruits in black glass dishes.

The ARTISTIC eat luscious real fruit from large bowls.

ARTIES use handpainted place cards with funny jokes.

ARTISTICs can always include one more in the guest list.

ARTIES munch at emotional moments.

ARTISTICs lunch at systematic hours.

ARTIES dine in "Bohemian" dumps, de luxe.

ARTISTICs have dinner in French, Italian and Chinese restaurants, of the people.

ARTIES starve on barren ideas wafted across heavy-laden tea tables.

ARTISTICs thrive on nutritious food for thought gathered around lunch counters.

ARTIES collect atrocious tid-bits.

ARTISTICs collect authentic applied and fine arts.

ARTIES go in for Batiks.

ARTISTICs never wear out their homespuns.

ARTIES contrive interior decorations.

ARTISTICs do interior designing.

ARTIES are inaccurate in details.

ARTISTICs are accurate in results.

ARTIES are noisily inspired.

ARTISTICs are quietly business-like.

ARTIES dish up a lot of stale phrases about 4 a.m.

ARTISTICs get up with a lot of fresh ideas at that.

ARTIES have a world of listeners.

ARTISTICs do a world of listening.

ARTIES paint flowers on furniture.

ARTISTICs set furniture among flowers.

ARTIES are super-sensitive.

ARTISTICs are superlatively loyal to humanity.

ARTIES argue.

ARTISTICs appreciate.

ARTIES give Studio teas, incense smoke, incensed landlords and all.

ARTISTICs have studios that are sensible and no nonsense.

ARTIES either are behind in their rent or above, or behind it, is poppah.

ARTISTICs rent their souls while they make rent money.

ARTIES are talented and clever.

ARTISTICs are visioned and work.

ARTIES think they are wild, but ARTISTICs know they are mild.

ARTIES are infamous and advertisers. ARTISTICs are famous and hidden geniuses.

ARTIES ruin tea rooms with atmosphere.

ARTISTICs run tearooms for economic reasons.

ARTIES run gift shops and libraries all over. ARTISTICs keep gift shops and libraries you like.

(Oh, I'm glad I'm not an artie, an' do as arties do.

Yet, for all I know, maybe I'm an arty, too!)

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HOBO FINDS HOBO

IN THE LONG LIST of biographies now coming from all the publishers, there is one which should interest the readers of Western tales. It is "Brawnyman" by James Stevens, published by Alfred Knopf.

A letter received through the American Mercury throws further light on the life of Stevens:

Dear Editor of The Mercury:

While grazing through the April number I ran into a story under title of "Horses" by James Stevens. Further over I found where you described Stevens as an "ex-workingman in the Northwest".

I wonder by any twist of coincident could this be a lad who worked with me in a team grading camp near Armstead, Montana, in 1909. His name was James Stevens, but the team hands had monickered him "Appanoose Jimmie".

It seems likely, for the young Stevens I knew was a wonderful story-teller and for a fuzz-face had the most damnable realistic vocabulary of hobo slang I ever listened to, and I've been a knight of the box car for fifty years.

If this really is the lad I knew it will be a delightful surprise to find him still living, for, frankly speaking, he sure was a damned tough proposition, and this kind ends out quick in the dirt-moving game. Some one taps them on the bean with a pick handle, and they are Exhibit A for the coroner next day.

Please send this letter on to your author, and if it's Appanoose, he'll sure answer.

Most sincerely yours,

William Meyers

The Original Keen Heel Sam
P.S. In Hobodom that signature is as famous as is the signature of Abraham Lincoln to history.

It was Appanoose Jimmie, but he is now Exhibit A for the bookseller, for he has written his own story in "Brawnyman".

Other books by James Stevens are "Vanishing White Tribes" and "The King of He-Men". Speaking in connection with the former, Stevens makes the following remarks:

One of the most amazingly persistent delusions of Americans is their belief that the Western cowboy is the archetype of the bully tough he-man of the great outdoors. The belief accounts for the enormous success of the "Western" magazines which litter the newsstands, for the Zane Gray novel, and the "Western" movie thrillers.

But what is the reality? Like a jockey, a cowboy is a first rate man on a horse, but on the ground he is about as nimble as a duck and cuts a mighty poor figure. In a fist-fight he generally "falls all over himself". The typical cowboy is stooped, flat-chested, thin-shouldered and bow-legged, and his spirit is meek and mild. He is simply a riding farmhand, and usually he sticks to one ranch as closely as the Wisconsin milker sticks to one dairy farm.

CHLORINATING PLANT TO REMOVE PRESENT SEPTIC TANK MENACE

Plans for the inauguration of a chlorinating system which will purify the effluence from the septic tank at the southern edge of the city were adopted at the recent meeting of the Carmel Sanitary board and have been submitted for the approval of the state board of health. It is believed that the chlorinating system will remove the menace now resulting from the overflow from the septic tank.

THE WRIGHT RETORT

Mr. Harold Bell Wright, we are interested to hear, can pun rather bitterly. Invited to a hot-weather "Bohemian" party, he was informed that among the guests would be Mr. Blank, a high-brow novelist whose scorn of Mr. Wright is well known, but whose books fail to sell.

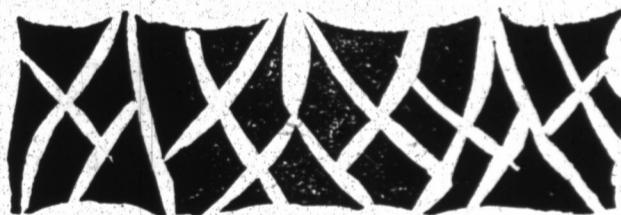
"You know Mr. Blank, don't you?" asked the hostess.

"Ah, yes," murmured Mr. Wright. "The young ineffectual, you mean?"

—from *The New Yorker*

A special edition of Leonard Merrick's two best stories is to be brought out by E. P. Dutton and Company early in September.

When Frank Wilson Nye, the son of the famous American humorist Bill Nye, and arranger of the autobiography "Bill Nye: His Own Life Story" which will be published by the Century Company toward the end of September, was asked why all his friends call him "Jim", contrary to his name as registered on his birth certificate and signed to the checks which he exchanges for legal tender



at the bank, Mr. Nye gave this explanation:

"My father Bill Nye had as his best friend Jim Riley (James Whitcomb Riley). There was so much talk in our house about Jim by Bill Nye that my elder brother decided he wanted to have a Jim, too. So he began to call me Jim as my father called Riley. The name stuck so firmly that sometimes I almost forgot my own."

Young "Jim" Nye is a prominent advertising man of New York City and last year at the 75th anniversary of Bill Nye's birth he gave a number of talks which were widely quoted by the press. The public attention given at that time to Bill Nye's life and work indicates that America's popular "funny man" has not been forgotten by the nation.

"What Germany needs is Prohibition," says a New York surgeon. Well, America has a lot of it she isn't using. —Punch

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HENRY COWELL NOT A REBEL BUT A BUILDER



HENRY COWELL, who gives an informal recital of his own compositions at the Denny and Watrous studio in Carmel next Sunday afternoon.

By W. K. B.

HENRY COWELL came up out of the dark. There was no reaction against something; no rebellion against anything, that created this artist, this musician, this composer. What Henry Cowell will give you next Sunday afternoon at the Denny and Watrous studio came from within him as an expression of himself.

He is to-day composing the kind of music and playing the kind of music that asserted itself to him before he had an iota of knowledge of music as played by anyone else. He was merely a boy when he began to conceive sounds and harmonies and merely a boy when he purchased for sixty dollars an instrument on which he might express them. Then, when he was sixteen, and entered the University of California for music instruction, the conventions and traditions of music were inoculated into him and—they didn't take.

But it was with no flourish, no loud assertion of independence and originality that Henry Cowell declined convention. There is no attitude of the flare about Henry Cowell, no trumpet-blowing by him. If ever there was a serious-minded, intent artist, he is Henry Cowell. He is expressing the music that his spirit creates with the medium he has at hand, and who is there to say that he is not

justified in bringing out of that medium by any means he may choose to employ the nearest he can obtain to the expressions he desires to create.

You may quarrel with Cowell's results if you choose; you may find your reactions to those results unpleasing, but you cannot quibble at his method of obtaining them. What matters it in what manner the gods sing if they but sing?

It is a pity that stress must be laid on a defense of Cowell's method of playing the piano; perhaps he would not be pleased that so much stress is laid upon it here, but so reactionary is the world that it objects to trifling things because they are not a part and parcel of tradition.

"I am surprised that I receive adverse criticism in my method," Cowell says. "Of course, it is great copy for the newspapers that I play with my fore arm in obtaining some of the chords that I desire, but it should not be of particular interest to those who are interested in the growth of music and its possibilities."

And it is an interesting fact that although Cowell's first conception of music forms as it does the fundamental basis of his conception and execution of it to-day, it is actually an insistent and logical step in the progress of music. It is not a breaking away, but rather a continuance and a growth. And it is strange that while it fits logically on the

framework of the past Cowell himself had no knowledge of the framework of the past when he first gave expression to his thoughts of music.

Henry Cowell is now world-renowned. Europe hailed him this year as one of the rare music geniuses of the age; Ireland gave him the wonderful tribute of its appreciation. England, with more conservatism, yet marveled at his brilliance. Next year he goes to the Orient where the degree of his success will be interesting to watch.

Carmel is particularly honored by his presence here next Sunday.

JAPANESE LECTURER HERE NEXT SUNDAY

TORAO KAWASAKI of the Consulate General of Japan at San Francisco, whose lectures on the art and culture of his native land have been well received in the bay cities and here in Carmel, will spend the next weekend here. A program has been arranged for the Sunday afternoon informal reception and tea at the Arts and Crafts club house in conjunction with the exhibition of Ralph Davidson Miller, the well known local artist. Mr. Kawasaki will talk on the Ukiyo-ye school, or the School of The Fleeting World, and will bring a collection of prints done by the two great masters of that school, Hiroshige and Hokusai.

In addition to the talk there has been arranged a musical program of piano numbers to be rendered by two little Japanese girls from San Francisco, Miwa Kei and Saku Baba, both pupils of Mrs. Edith Kawasaki, whose playing has been accorded praise at the many public recitals given the past three years there and at Palo Alto. This will be given in costume.

The program is as follows:	
Solo. Largo	Handel
	Saku Baba
Solo. Second Venetian Gondola Song	Mendelssohn
	Miwa Kei
Solo. Fifth Nocturne	Leybach
	Saku Baba
Solo. At the Twilight Hour	F. A. Williams
	Miwa Kei
Duet: Hungary (Rhapsodie Mignonne)	Carl Koelling
Duet. Scarf Dance	Chaminade
Duet. Lustspiel Overture	Keler Bala
	Miwa Kei and Saku Baba
Solo. Realms of Dream	A. J. Boex
	Saku Baba
Solo. The Butterfly	Calixa Lavalle
	Miwa Kei

In the evening, unless otherwise announced, the guests will be entertained informally at the home of Mrs. Roberta Balfour Thudichum, where they will be houseguests, and all friends are welcome.

TWO DOGS WANTING HOMES. Collie male pup and plain little black dog, very smart. Apply to Humane Society, Telephone 291.

CARMEL ^{THE} CYMBAL

Edited and published by W. K. Bassett on Tuesday of each week in The Court of The Cymbal, Seven Arts building, Carmel, Monterey county, California. Dorothea Castellon, associate editor.

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Advertising rates obtainable on application.

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Notes and Comment

THURSDAY until five o'clock in the evening—is the last opportunity you have or will ever have, unless you are already a paid subscriber, to obtain The Cymbal for two dollars a year. We have extended the offer this one day in order to have a chance in this issue of the paper of bringing the matter one more time to your attention. This is positively your last opportunity and Friday the subscription price of The Cymbal returns to the regular figure of four dollars a year unless, perchance, it moves up higher than that. Therefore if you wish to be assured each week of obtain-



ing the newspaper of Carmel that is not afraid to say what it thinks and say it definitely and without quibbling and with the names of the persons or things it is talking about; the paper that is making from week to week an honest and persistent effort to enhance the value of truth as against innuendo, deceit and open lies; that is constantly striving to further the endeavors of people who are actually contributing something worth while to the gaiety and comfort and beauty of life—if you want that sort of a paper, and at the price for which you can obtain any ordinary publication this is your final chance to do it, and up until five o'clock this afternoon, at The Cymbal office, we will give you a receipt for a year's subscription for two dollars.

WORDS WHICH HAVE come to us in the week following the printing of our first page editorial on the meeting of the board of trustees, sitting as a board of equalization last Tuesday, have been generally commendatory, but here is one that is not and which contains, in view of the attitude of the man who writes it, a justifiable complaint. We are printing it,

both because we assume from its contents that the writer so desires and because it is our wish to be fair and frankly so. It reads:

Carmel, California,

August 26, 1926

Editor, The Carmel Cymbal:

To my surprise, I find myself "quoted" at length in The Cymbal of last week. I say to my surprise because I utterly fail to remember giving you any interview which would authorize you to quote me. I did stand on the corner in the wind after the meeting of the Board of Equalization day before yesterday, and gas a little to a few friends, among whom appeared for a few moments—I recollect vaguely—your interesting silhouette. But I gave you no interview.

The result of your rather careless reporting is that I now find between quotes, and ascribed to me, a lot of phrases I do not like, and several words I particularly detest. The word "comfort" for instance, which is my pet abomination. Also I find you waxing maudlin over the fact that a petition bearing my name should be cavalierly treated by the Board.

The real fact is that my name appears in no petition. The real fact is that I went to the meeting of the Board of Equalization, not to protest, but merely to see.

I saw. And if you wanted to know

(Turn to Page Fourteen)

WE HAVE A PET SEAL, BUT—

Dear Editor, The Cymbal:

We realize that with the growing population of Carmel, the pets of Carmel will grow in number and variety also, but what's the idea of a seal? We wouldn't be so surprised by the seal except that he's a no good seal; he's dead; and he's spoiled. He's been with us now for two weeks on the beach between Eleventh and Twelfth avenues and appeals to the city hall that he be removed for respectable burial have proved unavailing. Dogs are rolling on what is left of him and old ladies unconsciously and with the faith that is theirs are walking on him in the sand. That isn't nice, is it? Can you do anything about it?

—L. F.

THOROUGHBRED GREAT DANES—I have a beautiful female and a stunning male pup, six months old, that I will sell to people who will give them good homes. The price is half value, namely \$250. G. L. Dickinson, Top o' the World, Carmel, California.

FOR SALE—BEAUTIFULLY TONED, selected Steinway Parlor Grand piano. Used Steinways are scarce. Will sell at fair price, but not "cheap". There are no "cheap" Steinways. Information, Dr. R. M. Hollingsworth, Dolores Apartments, or telephone 212, Monterey.

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NEXT WEEK END

FRIDAY and SATURDAY.

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AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF RUSSIAN MUSIC BEFORE THE REVOLUTION

(This article began in last week's issue of *The Cymbal*—Ed.)

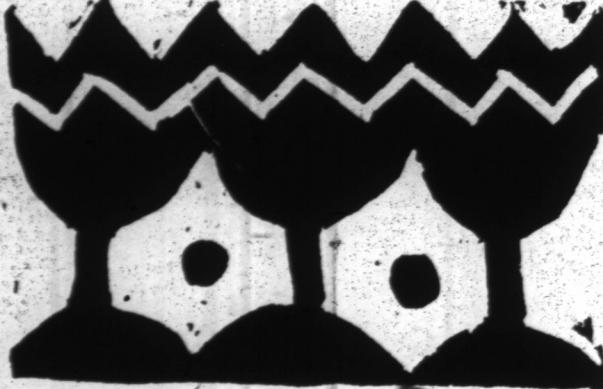
By MARY ELIZABETH LLOYD

THE THIRD PERIOD which may be called the Italian Period began with the accession of the Empress Anne (1732) who had been "bored to death" with these old fashioned edifying plays.

She established a theater especially for opera and Italian actors and singers were brought to sing in Moscow.

Under the Empress Elizabeth, music became a fashionable craze and every great landowner had his own band and choir.

Catherine the Great wrote a libretto which extolled a Siberian prince who possessed all the virtues. This libretto set to music was



written for her favorite grandchild, Alexander the First, the same Alexander to whom Beethoven dedicated a Violin Sonata.

The author of the music for Catherine's libretto used themes which were later used in the "Slavia" and also "The Crane" which is used by Tschaikowsky in his Second Symphony.

On the accession of Alexander I, social sentiment began to undergo a complete revolution and with the advent of Glinka at the beginning of the 19th century we reach the first great climax in the history of Russian music.

Lounging in the concert rooms of Italy and listening to Bellini's operas, it suddenly flashed upon Glinka's mind that this art was alien to him and that it could never take the place of, nor be an inspiration to the art of his own people.

This sudden change of thought and ideal constituted the psychological moment in the history of Russian music and this impulse held the germ of the Russian school as we know it to-day.

The themes of a "Life for the Czar", his first opera, are based upon crude folk songs which, passing through the melting pot of his genius, flow out in the form of a national idiom with which his countrymen, as he expressed it, "would not fail to feel completely at home".

The folk song, "Down by Mother Volga", was used as an accompaniment to an aria, and "Greetings, Mother Moscow" is also based on a folk tune. The melody of the "Slavia" is used in a quartet, the treatment being in the antiphonal style of the Greek Orthodox Church.

In the last act Glinka has concentrated the ardent patriotism and profound human sym-

pathy which is common to the whole school of which he is the prototype.

His second opera "Ruslau and Ludmilla" belongs to a legendary period and the characters are fantastic and mythical.

It is possible to trace the immense influence of the music of this opera upon later composers, as regards opera and ballet—the fantastic Russian ballets of the present can be traced to Glinka's first introduction of Eastern dances in "Ruslau and Ludmilla".

Glinka born in 1804 and Dargomifsky started two distinct tendencies influencing the whole future development of Russian music.

Dargomifsky deliberately aimed at bringing out the dramatic, realistic and humorous elements of the Russian race. He says of his work: "I have no intention of indulging the critics and amateurs with music as a plaything. I want the note to be the direct equivalent of the word. I want truth and realism."

During the ten years that followed the creation of "Roussalka" Dargomifsky was steadily working towards the foundation of new principles in vocal, and especially, dramatic music.

One of his chief aims was the elimination of the artificial, as found in the early Italian operas. Wagner, his contemporary, had already experienced the same dissatisfaction and was solving the question of reform in the light of his own genius, but Dargomifsky and Wagner split upon the question of the importance which Wagner gave to the orchestra. Dargomifsky believed that the dramatic interest should be sustained by the voice. He was the first to embody these principles in his masterpiece, "The Stone Guest", the libretto of which was based on Pushkin's poem of "Don Juan". This opera which may be studied at the piano unites as within a focus many of the dominant ideas and tendencies of the school that proceeded from Glinka, the exponent of lyrical idealism, and from Dargomifsky of dramatic realism.

The activities of Glinka and Dargomifsky fell between the years of 1835 and 1850, the era of Chopin and Schumann. During the following ten years, Rubinstein began his international career, and Tschaikowsky began to lay the foundation of his popularity.

Between 1860 and 1880 "The Five" so-called came to the fore. Balakireff who lived until 1910 became the central figure in the

group of Five who, although he lacked the persuasive genius of some of his disciples, has to be acknowledged as a superior personality, in that he could so influence the thought and trend of the best of his time, and it is to him that Russia owes its Second Renaissance.

Glinka's music had been the great enthusiasm of his youth, and he recognized the inexhaustible source of fresh inspiration in his abundant and varied use of the folk song.

(Mrs. Lloyd's interesting history of Russian music will be continued in the next issue of *The Cymbal*.)



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THE PASSING OF ROMANCE

(Contributed by Thomas Bickle)

THERE'S a dam that stops the water where the SHANNON used to flow,
And a concrete road that leads to MANDALAY:

Though MACHREE still stands for mother, Erin's girl you'd hardly know—

SILVER THREADS among the gold are bobbed to-day.

Now the OLD OAKEN BUCKET can't get by the board of health.

And the bank along the WABASH breeds the chills:

Touch me not, LAST ROSE OF SUMMER, for hay fever lurks in stealth

And YOUNG CHARMERS, so ENDEARING—that's what kills.

Down upon the SWANEE RIVER—BUY A LOT. YOU CAN'T GO WRONG.

And it's near to where the wealthy OLD FOLKS play:

While "I LOVE YOU, CALIFORNIA," is a sentimental song,

What they really love is tourists, come to stay.

That LONG, LONG TRAIL A-WINDING isn't winding any more!

In no SHADY LANE can lovers go alone:

For they've straightened out the highway, while the autos bang and roar

And the Lane is now an anti-parking zone.

SLASHES OF LIFE

By Robert Welles Ritchie

THEY'RE OFF!

TAKE THE COCKROACH, or—as he is known in New York city—the Croton bug: you would not say offhand he was a sporting animal. But he can be made one quite easily. For those who cannot watch the ponies run at Tia Juana or New Orleans let me recommend the cockroach as a race horse.

This discovery of mine was not made through any exhaustive reading on the life and times of the cockroach; rather it came by accident to a score of others and myself. We found ourselves, a variously assorted company of Americans and Canadians, aboard the Canadian cable repair ship Tyrian bound for Battle Harbor, in Labrador, to meet Peary returning from his successful Pole dash. It was a slow passage up from North Sydney, Nova Scotia, to Battle Harbor. We newspaper folk professed a great ennui which none of us felt, for there was a big story at the end of the passage.

Our first night out from North Sydney revealed the fact that the fauna aboard the Tyrian was best represented by the genus *Stylopyga orientalis*. The dictionary says of him that is a "blattid orthopeterous insect"; but the dictionary does not tell a half of it. Aside from his blattid characteristics, the cockroach is a bug you can bet real money on—if you have nothing else to do.

Our first acquaintance with the cockroaches aboard the Tyrian was when they began to skip and frisk over our recumbent selves in the bunks. The feel of a cockroach's whiskers, may I say parenthetically, is particularly ghostly against one's cheek in the dark. But daylight brought an inspiration from one

of the bright souls aboard. This chap—I think he came from Boston—said he'd read somewhere that a cockroach would not cross a tarred rope.

That gave a happy thought. If two tarred ropes could be laid along the deck in a parallel course, couldn't we have a cockroach race down between them?

No sooner said than done. Each hefty correspondent, considering himself a star to draw such an important assignment as going half way to the Pole to meet its conqueror, scurried to his favorite hunting grounds to select from the pasture the longest and most rakish cockroach: one built for speed rather than for beauty. Before long we had two tarred ropes laid in parallel lines along the Tyrian's deck and each contestant was there with his favorite bug gingerly gripped between thumb and forefinger.

Before the barrier was raised we had to sit in caucus on special rules governing the track. No owner could prod his racer forward or indicate to him by signs, cries or other manner of communication which way he was to go. An owner might not substitute another cockroach in a race for one that showed a disinclination to go forward. The cockroach first crossing the chalk line at the end of the course was winner, whether he achieved this backwards or by any fortuitous accident.

Then we made a book, with Boston Charley, Manhattan Mike and the other contending insects duly entered for winner, place and show according to the confidence and pocket book of their owners. If my memory serves, all of \$10 was in that first pool.

Good old Cap'n Dickinson, the Tyrian's

skipper, was made judge of the course and starter. At his word, "Go!" five slender brown beetles were dropped at the starting line and a tarred rope length was laid behind them to prevent any flighty racer turning and running in a direction away from the finish

Ah, that was a race! Not for speed but for suspense was it noteworthy. The steeds proved immediately the truth of the Boston man's hunch: they would not cross the



tarred ropes marking the course. Rather, they zig-zagged from rope to rope, wildly waving their antennae in exploration of the prickly fibre. The favorite, with all the New York World's money behind him, developed the sulks and would not move forward or back. The Sun's cheese-burner got stage fright and raced in dizzy circles. One would give a terrific spurt toward the finish line twenty feet down the deck and, while his owner screamed delirious encouragement, suddenly whirl and develop a similar burst of speed to the rear.

That first race required half an hour for a decision. Then up spake the Associated Press man from New York: "This is too wearing on the nerves. Somebody give me a Rollo book to read."

Lucille Kiester

PINAFORE PLAYHOUSE

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CHILDREN'S DRESSES

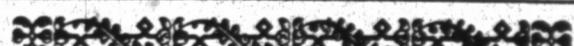
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Hungarian

Mary Moore Handmade

Dresses . Chase Dolls

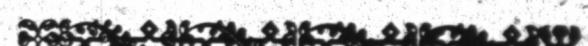
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CHARMING THE TIGER JOY

By DORA C. HAGEMEYER

DESERT ISLANDERS and pirate ships, Kentucky hills, Georgia fiddlers, and sweet songs to Rosemary strung on a thread of bright whimsicality . . . such is the necklace offered by Stephen Vincent Benét to charm the tiger Joy.

These verses are as unreal as fairy-tales and they sing with an unfamiliar music. They are light with the lightness of thistle down springing along on the wind, and as merry as a country fair. Rosemary is the only real person, and what a sprite she is! If the pattern of her were lost how could one reconstruct her, the poet wonders . . .

"Not with too-satin roses,
Or those rare blossoms,
Orchids scentless and precious
As precious stone.
But out of lemon-verbena
Rose-geranium
These alone."

All of the songs to Rosemary are delightful and full of the troubadour spirit. There is one called a "Nonsense Song" which might have been inspired by Puck to be sung in a Mother Goose setting.

"Rosemary, Rosemary, let down your hair!
The cow's in the hammock, the crow's in the chair!"

I was making songs out of sawdust and silk,
But they came in to call and they spilt them
like milk.

The cat's in the coffee, the wind's in the east,
He screams like a peacock and whines like a priest
And the saw of his voice makes my blood
turn to mice—
So let down your long hair and shut off his
advice."

"King David" is well known because it won the Nation Poetry Prize. "Moon Island" has the strange quality of dream. A crew of pirates lands on a tropical island where they are bewitched by the brown women who offer them "fruit cold as moonshine". They throw the seeds on the beach and moon-vines grow up. The moon walks out of the sky and down the long vines to the sand.

"She was milk of the pearl.
She was naked as light.
She was fire in the night,
White fire of the pearl.
And—she was a girl."

A pirate kills her and they all go mad for there is never a moon any more. Only one regains enough sanity to tell the tale.

Most of the verses are clothed in fantasy. They are not much concerned with abstractions but rather with the small events of every-day set in a new light. There is a boyish love of piracy and exaggeration which quickly wins the reader.

The first and last verses of "Snowfall"

show the poet's love of simple things.

"Heaven is hell, if it be as they say,
All endless day.
A pen of terrible radiance, on whose walls
No shadow falls,
No sunset ever comes because no sun has
ever risen,

Where like bewildered flies,
Poor immortals
Interminably crawl, caught in a crystal
prison.
If there be such a prison, let it wear
Even such an air.
Not shamed with sun nor black without a
ray,
But gently day.

A tired street, whereon the snow falls white-
ly,
An infant cradled in fleece,
An ancient, drowsy with peace,
Unutterable peace, too pure to shine too
brightly."

Stephen Vincent Benét's poems read ex-
cellently aloud. This may be because of their



lightness, because of the rhythm which makes so many of them musical, or perhaps be-
cause of their sudden turns of playfulness, so provocative of interest and laughter when
read by a good reader of poetry.

DULCE RIDENTEM

The bee, he has white honey
The Sunday child her muff,
The rich man lots of money
Though never quite enough
The apple has a Springtime smell,
The star-fields silver grain,
But I have youth, the cockleshell,
And the sweet laugh of Jane.
The lark's tune goes clearly,

But Jane's is clear wells.
The cuckoo's voice currus cheerly
But Jane's is new bells.
Or laughs like April rain,
Whetreh she chuckles like a dove,
It is her heart and hands and love,
The moth-wing soul of Jane.



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CARMEL

PERSINGER QUARTET GIVES FINE CONCERT IN CARMEL

By R. M. HOLLINGSWORTH

THE PERSINGER String Quartet concert at the Theatre of the Golden Bough last Thursday night brought us again to the realization that we who live in Carmel are particularly favored and fortunate in the class of entertainment that we have presented in our midst. Very few communities the size of Carmel in population could or would sponsor the appearance of such a distinguished group of artists as make up this organization and make the event an artistic and financial success.

The Philharmonic Society set a very high standard with this notable concert and it is to be hoped that cordial support will be given their future efforts in endeavoring to give us the best artists now appearing before the American public.

It would be futile and unnecessary to attempt here a technical review of the program as given Thursday night and it is our purpose merely to chronicle the event for the benefit of those readers of The Cymbal who were so unfortunate from any cause as to miss hearing the quartet play.

Chamber music is perhaps the highest and purest form of music and as Mozart is one of its greatest exponents it was fitting that the program open with the performance of the "B Flat Major Quartet", a work which was played with a lofty dignity and delicacy of expression, reminiscent of the spirit of the romantic era in which Mozart wrote.

Mr. Persinger gave us a well-balanced and extremely interesting program containing both classic and modern works. The "Andante Cantabile" was given a beautiful interpretation and with a fine sense of the tempo as this composition is usually played too slowly. A beautiful Spanish dance of

played by the Persingers it became true program music.

The closing number was the glorious Quartet of Dohnanyi whose music seems to bear the influence of Wagner or Brahms and was in strong contrast to the delicate and pastel-like cadences of the Mozart opus.

The writer had the pleasure of hearing these men when their organization was known as the San Francisco Chamber Music Society, about six years ago, when Horace Britt was the cellist, and although Mr. Britt is considered by critics to be the foremost cellist in America today the work of Walter Ferner does not suffer in comparison with that of the former member of the quartet, and with Messrs. Persinger, Firestone and Ford, all exceptional artists, the quartet is one that has few superiors in the world. They may, as some say, lack the delicacy of shading and balance in their playing in comparison with the work of the Kneisel or Flonzaley quartets, nor have they, perhaps, reached the heights of perfection as found in these mentioned groups of artists, but we may suggest that it matters little in respect to the purpose for which we attend musical programs, not in a spirit of criticism, but rather to satisfy those emotions that are created by listening to a succession of beautiful sounds produced by instruments in the hands of masters.

We believe that in this latter phase the beautiful concert of last Thursday night was eminently satisfying and successful and that the Philharmonic Society is to be warmly congratulated for making it possible for us to hear the Persinger Quartet in an atmosphere envisioned and created for us by Edward Kuster when he built the Theatre of



Albeniz and an Orientale of the Russian Glazounow were two group numbers executed with delightful rhythm and color and the Grieg number had revealed new beauty by the strings for I had previously heard this on the piano only. I think that there was some confusion in the minds of at least a few of those in the audience as the program had the Grieg piece given as "To Spring" but the number played was "The Last Spring" or "Letzter Fruehling" and, to my mind, a much more beautiful piece of music. Encore selections were the ever verdant Beethoven Minuet, Traumerie of Schumann and a dance "From the Cane Brake" by Samuel Gardner, an ultra modern writer. This dance was a near approach to the modern jazz, but as

the Golden Bough; an atmosphere of intimacy and beauty, and to him also we accord our thanks and appreciation.

MR. AND MRS. J. W.

HAND GIVEN FAREWELL

JOSEPH W. HAND and Mrs. Hand were guests of honor at a reception and farewell gathering at the Arts and Crafts hall Sunday afternoon. The Hands are leaving Carmel to make their home in Alameda after many years of residence in Carmel during which they contributed much to the growth and happiness of the community. Mrs. Hand was the first president of the Carmel Club of Arts and crafts and remained at the head of the organization for twelve years. The leaving of these two who have meant so much to Carmel is regretted more generally than would the departure of any other residents.

Among those who bid farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Hand Sunday were some of the original members of the Arts and Crafts club.

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ANNA PORTER'S BOOK REVEALS NEW RUSSIA

By W. K. BASSETT

IT SO HAPPENED that this past weekend, when I was only about two-thirds of the way through Anna Porter's "A Moscow Diary", I was talking with a most intelligent and intelligible person in Carmel I referred to Miss Porter's book, to the startling information it gave about the progress of the Soviet government in Russia toward a new and brighter civilization. I was obviously impressed by the facts I had gleaned from the book, obviously and enthusiastically impressed. I was met with this antagonism:

But how the intelligentsia have been made to suffer by the new Russian government! I have seen many who have been driven out of the country with scarcely more than their clothes on their backs. I am not in sympathy with the Soviet and the Commune. They are destructive of the finer things of life.

I have not quoted exactly but I think that I have fairly presented the point of view, fairly expressed the attitude of resentment against the admitted cruelty which the Russian Revolution has visited upon the intellectuals of the country.

But I was not impressed by this opposition to the Soviet. I have heard so many times the same opposition. It is the same that must have been voiced by the intellectuals of the world against the Reign of Terror in France, the only weapon the people had with which to fight the inexpressible cruelty of the ruling forces, inestimably greater than that resultant from the revolution, extending as it did back through the centuries. But I could not at the time find an adequate or satisfactory answer to this opposition by the intelligentsia, expressed here in Carmel. I did find it, however, in the words of Miss Porter when I turned back to her book; words that are uncombatabile in their logic and clarity; words that relate incontrovertible facts and must be considered aside and apart from any opinion one may have about the radical tendencies of Miss Porter. I will quote them here:

A new-comer in Russia came to me in excitement and indignation over the decree dropping large blocks of intellectuals from the Universities, young people whose professional preparation was already several years advanced, and whose careers were now ruined. The word "career" alone seemed to me to put its stamp upon this bourgeois criticism, for in Soviet Russia, career is not a word one hears or thinks about in Communist circles. There is no question as to the personal injustice, the individual tragedy, even, in such cases, and these unimaginative people cannot see beyond the individual injury. They appear to ignore the fact that in their

own country, to which they unconsciously refer as a standard of democracy, the discrimination is far more serious and cruel, that the higher educational facilities are wasted on thousands of hopelessly inferior mentalities because of economic status, while masses of true intellectuals have never an opportunity of trying out their fitness for educational advantages.

The situation is briefly this: The budget has fallen because of the partial failure of crops in this dry year. The income from the export of grain is seriously lessened, the apportionment of funds in every department must be readjusted—the educational division must share the sacrifice. But the oncoming generation must be provided for, it cannot be neglected for the upper-classmen, and so the cutting out must be proportionate along the line. And here comes in the problem of the cutting out. Of course there must be some slight adjustment along individual lines—the most promising students, judged in regard to their future usefulness to the state must be retained, but the cleavage practically must be along class lines.

Miss Porter goes on to show how the bourgeois state of mind must be combated because of its internal danger to the security of the proletariat government when Russia

finds herself compelled to battle the forces of capitalism from the outside. She has already learned the danger through the turning of the intelligentsia to counter revolutions and sabotage.

"A Moscow Diary" is full of just such deductions, facts, incidents and expressions of the thought and attitude of the people. It is, also, full of proofs positive of the battle against illiteracy throughout the land. It is the battlecry of the Russian Soviet and I care not a whit what the present disorder of the country may be, what individual cruelty may be practiced, what mistaken theories may be taken up only to be discarded, what erroneous policies may be temporarily adopted, the policy of education and enlightenment is sound and the battle of Russia to give freedom of knowledge to her people cannot fail to bring the country up and out of the chaos of the present and to the level of human need and happiness that stands so far above the present capitalistic system of government which has its iron hand on America today.

And while she is educating her people, she is compelling them to think in Communist channels, to train their children in Communist ideas and ideals. This, we hear, is terrible. But is it any more terrible than the propaganda of the capitalistic form of government in America? Surely there is nothing in Russia as insidious and unctuously menacing as the publication of the United States Chamber of Commerce, called "Nation's Business", which is advertised so flaringly in the newspapers.

But I believe this is only the scream of a

(Turn to Page Eleven)

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ANNA PORTER'S BOOK

(Continued from Page Ten)

dying system, only the frantic cry of one sensing torture and oblivion just around the next bend.

There in Russia the children are singing the Communist songs and saluting Communist banners. But they know what it is all about; they know what their songs mean, what their banners stand for. They are at least granted concrete and intelligent understanding.

Over here in the Sunset School beginning August 30, the children will daily salute the flag and sing the "Star Spangled Banner" without the vestige of an understanding as to what the flag stands for or the song means. If they were told honestly they would be told that it is the propaganda of the capitalistic system of the United States in the hope of staving off the coming revolution in America.

In this regard a delightful bit in Miss Porter's book is worth quoting:

A young Russian friend here is eager to visit America "to see what a Capitalistic country is like before it passes away".

"A Moscow Diary" is alive with surprises alive with truth. I wish that every thinking person in America could read it and from it learn what a wonderful, unbelievable thing Russia is doing, what thing so many miles ahead of us.

NEW BOOKS IN CARMEL LIBRARY
AUGUST 1926

Beau Sabreur.....	Wren
The Wondering Moon.....	Weston
Medusa's Head.....	Bacon
The Wrong Letter.....	Masterson
War—What For?.....	Kirkpatrick
Weavers and Other Workers.....	J. Hall
Robinson Crusoe, with apologies to Defoe.....	Baldwin
The Conquest of the Tropics.....	Adams
A Day in the Siskiyous.....	Hanly
A Chapter in American Education.....	Baker
Her Son's Wife.....	Canfield
Show Boat.....	Ferber
Pipers and a Dancer.....	Benson
What is to Be.....	Snaith
The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion 1764-1765.....	Cleone Knox

FENTON FOSTER HOST AT PARTY
FOR CAST OF "KING DODO"

Members of the cast of "King Dodo" which so successfully closed the seventeenth annual festival of the Forest Theater, were guests of the director, Fenton P. Foster, at a party at Cooke's Cove on the beach Friday night of last week. There was much music and sandwiches and coffee and cake and chatter and everybody pronounced the affair almost as enjoyable as a rehearsal under Foster. No mean compliment to the beach party.

HOW TO EAT AND LIVE
TO BE MERRY

By PERCY BENNETT WRIGHT

THIS IS THE FIRST of a series of short articles which will appear in The Cymbal, the purpose of the writer being to bring to the attention of interested readers some of the facts they should know about Food and Food Values in their relation to Health and Disease. The sources of information on this most important subject are from recognized authorities and their opinions will be freely quoted. The writer, during his practice of Dentistry over a period of twenty-five years, has observed conditions of disease in the mouth which without doubt were caused by a faulty diet, one composed of



wrong combinations of food and of food which was deficient in certain essential mineral elements necessary to replenish the waste of the bodily tissues and for the building of new tissues, especially in-growing children.

Let us begin with a statement with which we can all agree: "Health is Natural, Disease is Unnatural." Can you accept this also: "Your Success and Happiness depend entirely upon your Health." Here is another: "Normal Foods correctly eaten are the Basis of Health". Having accepted these propositions as true, or at least as being worthy of serious consideration, we may consider ourselves ready to look into this question of

Food and of Food Values and find out all we can about it.

"The Knowledge of the Essentials of Diet should be part of the Mental Equipment of Everyone who Eats." It is impossible to be successful and happy unless your mental and physical condition are in harmony. The five essentials of life are: Natural Air, Natural Water, Natural Sleep, Natural Exercise, and Natural Food. During childhood the responsibility for supplying these essentials must rest with the parent or guardian, and our children should be trained in habits of right living which will guide them throughout their lives.

It is the right of every human being to have good health; to be mentally efficient and physically vigorous, with a body that functions perfectly and is capable of resisting disease. To the command, "Know Thyself", may well be added "Know Thy Food". This does not mean to be fussy about food or to worry about whether what one eats is going to disagree with his digestion. There are several good books on the subject of Food which are written in a simple and comprehensive style giving the reader all he needs to know about food.

Next week an effort will be made to discuss the comparative value of various foods and also wrong combinations of food.

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PERSONAL MENTION

DR. AND MRS. HARRY L. Schurmeier of Santa Barbara and their daughter, Barbara, will spend a fortnight in Carmel early in September.

Miss Minnie Berger and her mother who have been visiting in Carmel for the summer have decided to make their home here, and Miss Berger will open a music studio. She has had a long experience in piano, having both studied under some of the best European teachers and having herself taught for many years in Milwaukee, Chicago and elsewhere.

Mrs. Katherine Hutchinson spent the week-end with her mother, Mrs. Joseph Hoover.

Mrs. Percy Smith of Los Angeles is visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. Eris Wilkinson.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Ball have returned to Carmel and will occupy their house on Carmel and 13th.

Miss Betty Cole, principal of the Junior High School of San Jose, is spending a few weeks in Carmel.

Raymond Leland, principal of San Jose High School who has been here with his family for the past two weeks, has purchased the Harold Chapman Brown house from the Carmel Realty Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Ted Moore (Ursula Hooper Johnson) were in Carmel over the week-end.

Mrs. Paul Whitman and Miss Vivian Higginbotham went to San Francisco to see the play "Rain".

Miss Barbara Sutro who has been the guest of Miss Ellen O'Sullivan for the past few days has left for the south. Miss O'Sullivan is going away for a month to San Francisco and other points.

Barney Segal made a trip to San Francisco over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Short left yesterday for a two months trip in the East. They will visit the exposition in Philadelphia, go to Washington, New York, Montreal, Chicago, New Orleans and return by way of the Southern Pacific.

Mrs. Nellie D. McCreary and daughter, Marjorie, returned last Monday to Cleveland, Ohio, for the winter months. Mrs. McCreary took an active part in music events here.

Mrs. Lawton Thomas is going away for the winter months.

Dr. E. Carncross and Miss Alicia Pratt of Chicago, who have been staying at Pebble Beach Lodge for the past month, left yesterday for the East. Dr. Carncross re-

cently purchased a home-site in Pebble Beach and will return next summer to build.

Mrs. Loren Hillman with her family is entertaining a house party for the month of September.

Mrs. Maude Hogle is in Carmel for a few days.

Miss Adeline Rotti and Miss Centella Eshsmueller left yesterday for St. Louis.

Miss Helen Judson went to San Francisco for a few days.

Frank O'Brien of the East Bay Water Company has returned from a visit to Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Wilkinson have taken the Cummings house on Twelfth avenue and Lincoln for the winter.

Miss Marcelle Radjesky spent the weekend with her sister in San Francisco.

Mrs. Hal Bragg has returned from a visit to her father, George Daniels, in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Edward Kuster has gone to San Francisco for a few days.

Mrs. Harrison Brown of Hollywood has taken the McEwen house for a short time.

Mrs. L. A. Nares has returned to her home in Pebble Beach after a trip to Mexico.

Dr. and Mrs. William McVean have returned from a visit to Fresno.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Rittenhouse of Pebble Beach are travelling in Alaska.

Miss Mary Louise Powell gave a dinner party for Mr. and Mrs. E. Rubenstein and Dr. and Mrs. Raymond Brownell Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Gale and daughter, Suzanne, and Mrs. Knight C. Gale and son, William, recently returned to Hollywood af-

ter a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Davidson Miller. Mr. Miller is to have an exhibit of his paintings at the Arts and Crafts club-house next week beginning Sunday.

Miss Willette Allen is visiting her sister, Mrs. Hobart P. Glassell.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Parsons of Los Angeles are going to spend September in the Fairy Lantern cottage on Mountain View avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Leonard, who have been in the Ball house for the past three months, have left for their home in Pasadena.

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TAX RATE

(Continued from Page One)

Brower's books and found the minutes unsigned. When she told Trustee Jordan of Wood's complaint in the matter, Jordan refused to re-write his name on the sheet of paper until Wood had given his sanction. It was preliminary to giving this most important sanction that Wood launched into a tirade against Miss Van Brower and charged her with changing the minutes.

A letter from Fire Chief Robert Leidig, asking for efficient laws for fire protection and reporting on his recent visit to the fire chiefs' convention, was filed without comment on the motion of Trustee Larouette.

C. Halsted Yates sent a communication to the board, complaining that his peace was disturbed by the shouts of a neighbor, Elizabeth Borden. A letter from Miss Borden was then read, offering a reward of fifty dollars for information on who had poisoned her dog. A. P. Fraser, license collector, or street superintendent, or town recorder, or city manager, informed the board that he had been told that the dog was running about blithely today and added that if it had been poisoned it had gotten over it.

CARMEL'S COMMUNITY CHURCH
ASKS ASSISTANCE OF RESIDENTS

An appeal for assistance from the residents of Carmel so that a new and younger minister may be obtained, has been sent out by a specially appointed committee of the Carmel Community church. It is desired by the committee that enough pledges of financial assistance be obtained to make it possible to secure an able man to carry on the work of the church here. An appeal is especially made to Pebble Beach and Highlands residents who are within twenty minutes driving distance from the church.

In addition to the present regular subscribers the church needs ten subscribers at \$4 per month, ten subscribers at \$3 per month, ten subscribers at \$2 per month and ten subscribers at \$1 per month.

DR. NEWTON TO JOIN FACULTY
OF U. C. SOUTHERN BRANCH

Dr. William Newton, who has been with the Carnegie Coastal laboratory here for the past two years, has resigned to accept an assistant professorship in the department of botany in the southern branch of the University of California at Los Angeles.

Last Friday evening the members of the Unity church held an interesting musical progressive party. The party started at the studio of Miss Haldis Stabell where several musical numbers were rendered. Mme. Isone and Miss Peggy Cooper sang songs and Gordon Wilson, organist at the church of St. Mary's-by-the-Sea in Pacific Grove, played the piano. The group then went to the home of Miss Celia Seymour where F. O. Robbins told some very interesting stories

and Miss Seymour did a few character studies. The party was given for the benefit of the Unity Hall building.

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD

Out in the Forest,—
Forest of Pine Trees,—
Living and Dead.
Cones cluster in fantastic coronets
On their slim tall boles.
The breeze of Monterey Bay
Sings a requiem.
The owl's sinister menace
Passes with the boiling dawn.
The woodpecker beats his telegraphic
rhythm
The mountain pigeons plume their feathers
And make love.
A harmless snake takes his time
And ventures fearlessly across my path,
A gleaming yellow thread among the pine
needles
Three Great Danes, lusty and spirited,
Nose all over the Forest
With nostrils keen,—
Keener than any human nature lover.
The quail rise from their covey
With nostrils keen—
With a roar like the tympani
And are gone,
Swifter than the ghost of youthful dreams.
The woodpecker's cryptic code
Calls to the dogs.
They stand and salute him
With deep and resolute bay.
The woodpecker, unmindful,
Persists in his rhythmic beat,
Calmly seeking the delicious larvae.
He has his daily bread
And is abundantly happy.
A bluejay flashes past,
Iridescent in the shimmering sunshine
The Danes leap joyously as he soars.
Great happiness is here
Among the Pine Trees,
Beside the rock-ribbed resonant sea.
I catch some of this joy,
The joy of Nature's humble things,
Who trust themselves—and God
And make no pretense.
I am tempted to say,
"I am happy."
Who was that philosophical Groper-in-the
Dark who said:
"Let no man say he's happy till he's dead"?

G. L. DICKENSON

Carmel-by-the-Sea,
August 30, 1926.

TO FORM GARDEN CLUB

A luncheon was given this week at the home of Miss Florence Silent at Carmel Highlands for the discussion of plans for the formation of a garden club among the residents of the Highlands. Another meeting will be held in the near future for further consideration of the proposed organization.

ABALONES LOSE SESNON CUP
IN FINAL GAME AT SOQUEL

The third annual baseball game for the W. P. Sesnon cup, played by the Abalones of Carmel and Soquel at the Porter Sesnon home in Soquel last Sunday resulted in disaster for the Abalones and cinched the cup for Soquel. The score was 15 to 10.

The Abalone team was composed of Harrison Godwin, p; Charlie Van Riper, c; Vic Renslow, 1 b; Bill Young, 2 b; By Ford, s s; Frenchy Murphy, 3 b; Fred Godwin, 1 f; Charles Frost, c f; Hugh Garner, r f; Pardon Harper, c f, and Jim Wilson, r f and p.

The Soquel team played with such stars as Bug Woodward, Jimmie Dixon and Thatcher.

FOOTBALL PRACTICE SOON

Football practice for the Yellow Jackets and Maroons, two teams of the Sunset school, will commence next week under the direction of Charlie Van Riper. It is expected that this will be a big football season for the boys of the Sunset.

YOUNG LADY just from Europe, who speaks French, German and Italian fluently, wishes to take one or two pupils in any of these languages. P. O. BOX 463

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A PLEASING SOUVENIR
FULL OF INFORMATION

(Continued from Page Five)

what I saw—or thought I saw—you should have asked me for a formal interview in which I might have the chance to express myself in my own words, not in yours.

That is not meant as a reflection on your words. It means merely that I harbor an unreasonable, but invincible preference for my own. And that I want only the latter ascribed to me in quotes.

I should be obliged if you would get into your next issue this small but important correction.

Very Sincerely
(signed) JAMES HOPPER

And as we hasten to extend to Mr. Hopper our apology for displeasing him in our not altogether thankless effort to be of some service to the citizens of Carmel generally, we are compelled to express our chagrin at what causes his displeasure, because throughout twenty years of newspaper work we have been particularly prideful of our reputation for correctly quoting persons with whom we have talked. As for not having Mr. Hopper's permission to quote him we have only to stand accused and feebly make the inadequate defense that we misjudged our man. We thought he would make the sacrifice. But if it were a word on which his sensibilities would break, we would have picked "quietude" instead of "comfort". We particularly loathe that word and cannot imagine how we fell into the slough of using it. That we ascribed it to Mr. Hopper is another reason for offering him an apology. As to having quoted him as saying things that he did not say we can only explain this by offering the fact that we much more than vaguely recollect that he was one of about a dozen persons with whom we talked on Dolores street after the famous meeting of the board of equalization and we undoubtedly credited to him some of the opinions expressed by some of the others. But if we delete "comfort" on Mr. Hopper's request and blot out "quietude" on our own, the quotation is justifiably entitled to the plaudits it has received. We perhaps should be glad that Mr. Hopper's letter transfers the credit to us.

* * *

NOW THAT the captains and the kings have departed and peace once again falls on Dolores street it might not be altogether amiss to look a little bit back on the events in municipal circles and consider for a moment just how dire and deadly were the shots and shells that flew above and about us in the Battle of Valuations. First let us see how accurate were some of the statements—or, if we should get weary of the game early—one of the statements emanating from the gentlemen who by the grace of the kindness of their fellow citizens happen to be sitting in the chairs of state in our unostentatious city. One of these statements was handed to us to prove the fairness and unprejudice on the part of the city fathers when they decided to make a wholesale increase of the assessment valuations of the city. It told us how many thousands of dollars of property in the city were owned

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by members of the board who would be equally hard hit with other property owners through the rather mysterious assessment-raising scheme. This was an impressive argument, on its face, but after due and careful consideration it comes to resemble something that in the vernacular of the street is called bunk. Investigation shows that the only member of the board who owns property in Carmel of any appreciable value, comparatively, is our friend John Jordan. He possesses, according to the assessment rolls all the lots on the north side of Ocean avenue from Monte Verde street to Lincoln. On these he has raised his assessment valuation sixty percent and on the raised assessment he will pay taxes. But John Jordan happens also to own the improvements on that property. The increased assessment does not apply to improvements. Recently Mr. Jordan completed an addition to Pine Inn that probably cost him fifty or seventy-five thousand dollars—the exact sum is not necessary to carry the point of our story. That improvement will undoubtedly raise Mr. Jordan's assessment considerably for next year's tax collections. But the trustees say they do not need more money to run the city and that they will probably reduce the tax rate. If they reduce it ten cents John Jordan is very liable to have less taxes to pay next year than he paid this year despite his increased improvements and the increase of the assessment on his real property. Take a pencil and paper and figure it out yourself. The value of Mr. Jordan's improvements is far in excess of the real estate they stand on. This isn't begrudging Mr. Jordan what he saves, if he reduces the tax rate on top of raising the real estate assessments—it merely is putting the proper tag on this "unselfish unprejudice" bomb the trustees threw into our midst. It was a dud.

* * *

ONE DAY this past June there was particular anguish in The Cymbal office. We were as ashamed of our paper as some persons in Carmel think we should always be. We hated to look at it and, to tell the truth, we didn't look at it any more than was absolutely necessary. It was about the mussiest paper that ever faltered unaccountably from a printing press. It was full of typographical errors, amusing, perhaps, to some readers, but creating in us a mental perturbation that is indescribable. It seemed for several days that we would never be able to live it down. But we have gotten over our unhappiness of last June, and the following clipping from the New York World has completed our return to the normal:

Her essay concluded with the following, "Radio is a Godsend to the lonely to the lonely woman and to the sick, to the woman on the farm, to the sick, to the woman and other a Godsend to the lonely woman and to the sick, to woman on the farm to the woman in the mountain fastness: to whom wherever she may be, it brings happiness and peace.

Now if that wouldn't dry our tears what have you to offer that will?

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I not include you?

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MISS ELSIE GRANT TO READ SHORT PLAYS

ON the evening of September 8 the Theatre of the Golden Bough will present a program of dramatic interpretation by Miss Elsie Grant, accompanied on the piano by Flora Richardson. It will be the first offering of this nature to be given at the theater this season.

Miss Grant is a graduate of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts of New York City. She is at present the head of the dramatic department of the Anna Head school in Berkeley where her productions of one-act plays have been meeting with great success. The program which she has chosen to present here is a varied one, including two short one-act plays, a humorous sketch and several dramatic poems. It is in the last mentioned that she is accompanied by Mrs. Richardson.

GOOD BOOK ON LABOR BY PAUL PERIGORD

DR. PAUL PERIGORD, professor of Economics and History in the California Institute of Technology, is visiting in Carmel. Dr. Perigord is the author of a book just published by D. Appleton and company on "The International Labor Organization".

The International Labor Organization of the League of Nations was established by the Treaty of Versailles and aims to do in the field of labor economics what the League does in the field of politics. Dr. Perigord, who was formerly a member of the French High Commission, writes from extensive study of an intimate personal contact with the Organization's activities. He has been aided throughout by Henry M. Robinson, one of the American delegates to the Peace Conference who were largely responsible for the plan of the Organization. Robinson is President of the First National Bank of Los Angeles.

FEDERATED MISSIONARY SOCIETY TO MEET AT PACIFIC GROVE

Interesting speakers will address the meeting of the Federated Missionary Society which will be held in the Episcopal church in Pacific Grove Friday morning beginning at 11 o'clock.

NOTICE

The annual meeting of the Carmel Club of Arts and Crafts will be held at the Arts and Crafts Hall, Carmel, California, Tuesday, September 14, 1926, at 8 P. M., for the election of Directors, consideration and action upon reports and transaction of such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

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